

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. WALTON, — Business Manager.

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INvariably IN ADVANCE.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Through shadows ride the sky to-day,
And turns our joy to sorrow;
Yet all the day will break away
As fast as the sun moves.
Then why should any one look sad,
And mourn for hopes departed;
When just beyond our eyes are glad,
From which the tears are started.

Time is sumptuous—years,
May yield us all remorse,
But we need never tears,
Our joy will come to-morrow.
All hearts may sing with joyful power,
To hopes that had been given,
Yours will bring no brighter hours,
In thoughts of rest and heaven.

Then are our happiness
In half-life, by yesterdays,
Look not back upon the past,
They may come to-morrow,
And still be helpful to the best
Whatever may fall us.

THE joy and glad strike us past,
And angels home shall call us.

Skating.

Mother, may I go down to skate?
Yes, my darling Julia,
But don't you try the figure 8,
For it will surely kill you.
Just as you make the lightning whirl
To show your sprightly muscle,
The boys will see a foolish girl
Stealthilying no bar blouse.

Scuttle. Hm.

A new "Crank," as he styles himself, has arrived in the city. His name is Pilcher, and he hails from an interior Kentucky hamlet called Nicholasville. In reality this individual is Fresh, the American, the seventh son of the seventh son of Awful Gall, the father of Cheek. Brother Pilcher comes with the avowed intention of climbing the spine of Bro. Barnes, the clerical crank from the mountains. He says that Barnes is a fraud, a shaman, an impostor, and that he (Pilcher) feels it his bounden duty to the public to expose the father of the faith cure, to show him up in his true light, as it were, and rid the people of a dangerous hypocrite. To do this thing, Fresh, the American, considers it necessary to publish a paper called the "Crank," and he promises that a journal of that sort shall be issued next Monday, from the office of *Studies*. It will be sold upon the streets, and right down in the bottom of his heart Mr. Fresh thinks like Mutherry Seller, that "there's millions in it." Pilcher, alias Fresh, is not a crank, as he wants the public to believe he is. He is rather a weak minded, spindle-shanked, red headed little Titlebat Titmouse, sighing for notoriety and seeking therewith to make enough money to keep himself permanently before the public. In a published interview recently, and in a conversation yesterday with an *Argus* man, he expressed the opinion that Barnes is doing what he is only for the sake of notoriety. That may all be true, and the *Argus* doesn't doubt it is, but suppose Barnes is trying to gain notoriety, what is this ambitious killing trying to do? He seeks notoriety far more than Barnes. He is pining for a little cheap celebrity. He is dying to have the public say: "Pilcher, of Nicholasville, is the man who exposed Barnes, the evangelist! He is a smart fellow. There he goes, look at him!" But the public will never say this of Pilcher. He is not a smart fellow. Barnes may be a crank, but he has more sense in the end of his little finger than this ruralistic smart Aleck has in his whole composition. —[Sunday Argus].

A Senator known for his judicial and moderate temperament, said last night that in his opinion both parties were going all to pieces. "While," said he, "the Senators speak much more hatefully of one another within their own party line than they do of their opponents, I have never seen a time when there was so little *esprit de corps*. The fact is, there are no distinctive principles left to either party. Politics have degenerated into mere personal intrigues. If the Smith breaks up, as now seems likely, it will be impossible to keep the two parties together much longer. —[N.Y. Evening Post, Jan. 5th].

If we were called upon to designate a name that conveys a meaning more dishonorable than dishonor, more depraved than depravity, more infamous than infamy—a name that, pronounced in heaven, would thrill the celestial hosts with horror; that uttered on earth, would fill mankind with loathing; that, spoken in hell, would cause every devil in the infernal regions to blush with shame—the name would be Stephen G. Burbridge. —[Breckinridge News].

Smallpox.

Formerly this fearful malady was the scourge of all countries. Only a few generations since it was so prevalent and fatal that one in six of the whole population of the civilized world died from it; but the great discovery was made that the human system could be protected against the ravages of this malady, and an enormous experience of the usefulness of that discovery has proved its great value and almost stamped out the disease. In those countries where vaccination has been most fully practiced, smallpox is almost unknown. That societies should neglect so efficient a protection against so loathsome and dangerous a disease can be attributed only to the fact that the protection of vaccination has been so complete that there is not enough knowledge of the horrors of smallpox left in the popular thought to stimulate men to guard themselves and their families against it. We are in a fair way to know more about it, since there is now smallpox in sixteen States, and a new impulse will necessarily be given to the use of the simple and efficient preventive. —[Boston Post].

MEANNESS OF A RICH MAN.—One of the smallest pieces of sharp practice we have heard of lately was caught up by the Cashier of the National Bank. A well-known farmer, in good circumstances, had for some time been in the habit of coming in and asking for a sheet of paper to write a letter. After writing the letter he would ask Mr. Andrews to give him an envelope and also address it to a certain party. This he did at various times. Andrews noticed that when the postoffice presented a bill there were several extra stamps charged for. An investigation finally led to the discovery that the aforesaid well-known farmer was in the habit of dropping the letters in without a stamp, and the card of the bank and the familiar handwriting of the Cashier caused the Postmaster to stamp the letters and present the bill to the bank for payment. —[Flemingsburg (Ky.) Times].

It is one of the sweetest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words, that is friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are, at the point of the sword.

The Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL, one of the very best county papers in Kentucky, has been materially improved recently. Its enterprising publisher has enlarged the paper, which is now printed in quarto form, semi-weekly, and it is gotten up in a style that reflects much credit on the proprietor, as well as the town and county in which it is published.

It is for them this consolation:

The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will be surely as good as ours.

We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living, hope for the dead.

SHAVING IN OLD TIMES.—Shaving, in the olden days, was a lengthy operation, and English barbers devised various methods of amusing their customers while awaiting their turn. They generally provided some musical instrument, such as a guitar or zither. In old pictures the shaving basin fitted into the chin. Until a recent period barbers were wont to bleed a patient, and even extract teeth. In London the familiar barber's pole, with its red spiral coil of color, is a reminiscence of the staff the surgeon gave his customer to grasp while he was being bled. The tape or bandage was twisted around the pole, which, when not in use, was placed outside the door. This staff was by order left outside a surgeon's door as a sign of his profession, and for convenience the painted pole was substituted as a sign, and the right to use it was extended to barbers about the year 1790.

THAT BANK CASHIER.—"Trust our Cashier!" said the Bank Director; "why, I've absolute confidence in him. He doesn't belong to the church, doesn't teach a Sunday-school class, isn't even a temperance man. There's a Cashier you can rely on. He's a man who likes, above all things, to go fishing, and Sunday you'll find him starting out with his pole and a bottle of whisky, and he vents his propensity for wickedness by lying about what he catches." —[Boston Post].

The editor of a Texas exchange says he does not like turkey; that if he can't have possum to celebrate with he don't want any at all; but his neighbors still continue to look up their turkeys after dark. Some people don't believe everything they read in a newspaper. The editor can't play "possum" on them that way. —[Texas Siftings].

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FATHER IS GETTING WELL.—My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used stop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters. —A lady in Rochester, N.Y. —[Utica Herald].

She Fetched Him.

Women sometimes have great presence of mind. A jailer's wife saw that a prisoner had got between her husband and the unlocked door, and was going for it like a Scotch terrier for a rat hole. She knew she hadn't the strength to seize and hold him, and besides he had a knife, so she didn't try. But she stepped into a side corridor near the head of a flight of stairs the prisoner had to descend, yanked off her hoop skirt, and, as he passed, flung it before him. The way he turned handsprings and somersaults down these stairs was a caution to cats, and his frantic struggles after he reached the bottom would have attracted folks from a dog fight. When the jailer came up, the fellow had got so entangled that he was absolutely helpless, was doubled up in terribly uncomfortable ways and was choking to death, and so completely wound up that the jailer had to cut him out with a hatchet, and it took half a yard of court plaster and a pint of arnica to make him at all comfortable. —[Boston Post].

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Quite a large business has been done in Maine the past season in the shipment of young spruce to Kansas. Trees from twelve to eighteen inches in height are selected, packed in hogheads or crates and forwarded by rail. The spruce is found to take more kindly to the soil and climate of Kansas than any other evergreen, and grows very rapidly, making efficient protection against high winds.

The late General John B. Houston used to tell the following: "Bridge had just examined a report in the case of a Confederate prisoner, and turning to his adjutant said: 'I can find nothing against this man. Have him released.' The adjutant replied: 'General you are forgetful; that man was shot two weeks ago by your orders.'" —[Lexington Press].

Mr Gladstone is said to have one faculty in a great degree—that of mastering the contents of a book by glancing through its pages. It is claimed that he can master any average book in a quarter of an hour. He has a sort of instinct which leads him straight to its salient points.

A new theory of the so-called fascination of birds by snakes is that the birds mistake the snake's tongue, which the reptile keeps in constant motion, for a lively worm, and watch it with the expectation of devouring it.

The whipping post bill was killed by an appeal to prejudice. In the barbaric days of yore prejudice was a powerful engine, and it seems to still hold its power in the Kentucky Legislature. —[Lou. Democrat].

At a masquerade: "Was it the loud beating of my heart, my darling, that told you who I was dear?" murmured he. "Oh, no," she replied, "I recognized your crooked legs."

When you have a secret to communicate to a pair twins, assure you get them together, for you will find it difficult to tell them apart.

A coal fire is a great comfort, but a nutmeg often suggests a grater. —[Detroit Free Press].

Hawkeye Shots.

There are several marked peculiarities and coincidences in the year 1882. If you add the first two figures together the sum is 9; if you add the last two the sum will be 10. Then if you add the last two sums together the result will be 19. Now, if you divide the third figure by the fourth you will have 4. The fourth figure in the year is 2, and two times 4 is 8. See? Then if you add together the first and last figures you have 3; and three times 2 is 6. Now, then: 6 times 8 is 48, and 5 times 6 is 30. So subtracting first figure of the year from the second you have 7; but if you subtract the third figure from the fourth you will have a lovely time explaining how you do it. But 7 in 11 you can't, and twice 1 is 2, and once 2 is 2, too. These interesting and instructive combinations of figures of this year may be carried out by an ingenious person to an almost indefinite extent.

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?

Females are called the weaker, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves up in thick garments, and encase the whole in a stout overcoat to keep out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, say they are perfectly comfortable. When men wear waterproof boots over woolen hose and encase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel cold. When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women hang an apology for a bonnet at the back of their heads, and ride or walk abroad in the northeast winds, professing not to suffer at all.

The following is recommended for inflamed eyes: Borax, half a drachm; camphor water, three ounces. The above simple prescription is in common use by the biggest medical authorities. It makes a wash unexcelled for the treatment of inflammation of the eyes. In using it, lean the head back and drop three drops in the corner of each, and then open the eyes and let it work in. Use it as often as the eyes feel badly.

We find, on looking over the tabulated returns, that of all recognized professions the one least liable to insanity is that of literature. According to the returns there are, this year, 139,143 men and women engaged as authors, editors, journalists, reporters, translators, or in other literary work.

Out of these, twelve only are returned as lunatics. —[London Paper].

The new wedlock association ought to pray for cold weather to make the matrimonial market lively. Matrimony seems very rose colored, but Little he rooks, who to marriage aspire,

Or times when his muscles are quite slack,

Or getting up early and making the fires,

Or warming cold feet with his back.

—[Evansville Argus].

Two women called on a dentist simultaneously, one to have all her teeth extracted and the other only three. The dentist mistakenly put the latter under the influence of ether, and rendered her toothless. A jury will estimate the damage.

If Gniteau should be acquitted, every man in the country who desires thereafter to do a mean act will swear that he is "inspired." —[Savannah News]. It will hardly be necessary for him to swear to it. —[Lou. Dem].

Young lady, (caressing a spaunder.) "I do love a nice dog." Dandy, (near by.) Ah! would I were a dog!

Young lady (sharply.) "Never mind, you'll grow."

The politician of the insect world is the flea. He is ever itching for place, creates no end of disturbance, and you never know where to find him.

Mrs Livermore is lecturing on "The Boy of Today," who is in front of the church waiting for "The Coming Girl." —[Danbury News].

Are blacksmiths who live by forging, or carpenters who do a little counterfitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel?

A robber who was seized for stealing snuff, said that he was not aware of any law that forbade a man to take snuff.

The watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes all his profits on time. —[Wit and Wisdom].

Some are born rich, others achieve riches, while others become bank cashiers. —[Bloomington (Ill.) Eye].

A joke is not so durable as a church-bell. After told a few times it is worn out.

FALL AND WINTER OF 1881.

Notice to the People of Stanford and Vicinity.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND OPENED
THE CHOICEST STOCK EVER BROUGHT ON!
It has been selected with care, and comprises the best in the market. You will find everything that a first-class Merchant Tailor ought to have. The stock comprises

Clothes, Crinolines, Diagonals and a Large Selection of Works

from the Best Manufacturers of France and England.

LATE BUT NOT LEANT, A RIBBED LINE OF TRIMMINGS.

Cutting and Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

Thankful for past favors, I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

J. C. RUPLEY.

F. STUKENBORG & BRO.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of

FURNITURE!!!
MATTRESSES, CHAIRS,

Parlor Suits, &c.

Nos. 9 and 11 East Pearl Street,

CINCINNATI, O.

YOU WILL HAVE 10 TO 15 PER CENT. ON A

TILL OF GOODS AT OUR HOUSE.

French Dressing Case Sets,

Marble-Top with Large Glass,

At \$45, \$50, \$60, \$75 Upwards.

Bureau Sets, \$20, \$25, \$30 and Up.

Parlor Suits, Seven Pieces,

Either in Hair, Cloth or Terry,

At \$30, \$35, \$40, \$50 Upwards.

Visitors to our city are respectfully invited to call and see our stock of goods, whether they wish to purchase or not.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

Nos. 9 & 11 East Pearl St., Lower Side,

Near Main, Cincinnati, Ohio.

JOHN CHURCH & CO.,

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, January 20, 1882

W. P. WALTON. EDITOR

THAT premium for perjury, the "Teat Oath," required of all officers in this Commonwealth, was repealed so far as the House could do it on Tuesday. It would be well for the Senate to follow suit, for the law has had no effect in stopping the disreputable practice of buying votes either directly or indirectly, and the very men whose elections were bought either with money or whisky, have been the quickest to perjure their souls by swearing that they used no such means. We know a score of men who have taken the oath, that will roast in hell through all eternity, unless they repent and flee from the error of their way.

The majority report of the Railroad Commission, in showing what they are a very poorly paid set, uses this among other arguments for an increase of salary: "The wear and tear of person and clothing, to say nothing of the risk of life, from traveling over all kinds of roads, and at all seasons of the year, are probably worth mentioning." Well, that do beat all. We suggest to the Legislature to appropriate a sum sufficient to get each of them a pair of leather breeches, with double soles pegged on to the sitting-down part, so that the tremendous "wear and tear of clothing" may be in a measure avoided.

ONE of the saddest things connected with the horrible collision on the Hudson River R. R., an account of which was given in our last issue, was the killing of a young bride and groom who had just married at Bennington, Vt., and were on their wedding tour. A few days before they had started from home flushed with the bright prospects of life and happy in each other's love. Tuesday their mangled corpses were taken back for interment, and the ushers at the wedding acted as pall bearers at the funeral.

THERE is only one man in Kentucky as mean as Burbridge, and his name is Wm. Cassius Goodloe. He endorses that inhuman fiend and adds, "I feel now as I did then, that he was right. Instead of having too much Burbridge, we did not have enough time." We cannot see how a man with a spark of honor could endorse such a person, especially if half what Tom Green publishes of him is true.

THE Louisville Post says that if the Democracy of Kentucky wants to redeem itself from the consequences of its many follies, it should elect Gen. Wolford, Governor, and adds: This is the yell of a rebel for a man who fought against him, whom he does not know personally, but for whose record and character he has the highest admiration.

THE small pox is raging to such an extent in Richmond, Virginia, that the Legislature has appointed a Committee to inquire into the advisability of abandoning the city. The people of Richmond are to be congratulated if they can trade the pestiferous repudiators off so cheaply. A small-pox scourge is far preferable to them.

IT is amusing to watch the monkey shins of the Louisville Commercial, and read its sweet words of tally that it is giving to the traitor McHenry and his sultans following of malcontents. If Col. McHenry has a spark of respect for himself, he will acknowledge his error at once and ask forgiveness of the party he has tried to wrong.

IT seems that old man McHenry can never be suited in a candidate for Appellate Clerk. The Yeoman says he bolted when Tom Jones was nominated, and yet if the records are true, Jones was elected by the usual big majority. Neither did his movement "bust up" the Democratic party, that anybody knows of.

IT is said that the Republicans will run Green Clay Smith as an independent candidate for Appellate Clerk. Of course, General Smith is willing to anything of the kind. He has an incurable itch for office as well as for notoriety. Besides preaching the gospel is a mighty slow way to get rich.

THE Constitutional Session of the Legislature, 60 days, will end in one week, and if the members can show anything that they have done except to take a wild goose chase to Atlanta, we would be glad to have them rise and explain.

A DETERMINED effort is being made by the distillers to have the tax on whisky reduced from 90 to 50 cents. At the present figures the revenue amounted last year to \$65,000,000.

JUDGE Cox decides in advance of the jury that Guitteau is insane, else he would not have refused his plea to make a speech in his own behalf.

THE New York Legislature has been trying for two or more weeks to organize, but owing to the fact that Kelley's henchmen hold the balance of power there is a dead lock, which can only be broken by the Democrats allowing the Republicans the organization or paying the Tammany men their price. The former is much preferable. Kelley has been dictating to the New York Democrats long enough, and there should be every means adopted to force him into the Republican ranks where he properly belongs. The Democracy will never be able to do anything there until he and his spoils hunters are entirely ignored.

SCOVILLE is warming up to his work. He says that Corkhill is at the head of a conspiracy to hang Guiteau to shield the real criminals who, he charges, are Grant, Conkling and Arthur, each of whom is morally responsible for the crime. He does not intend to allow Conkling to shirk the responsibility for the assassin's act, nor permit Grant to escape that condemnation to which he is so justly subjected. Hurrah for Scoville. He can hold a hand with any of them.

THE Courier-Journal has, including \$6,000 just paid for a new outfit of type, spent over \$40,000 for improvements within the last six months. It has no equal in point of speed or capacity outside of New York, and there is no printing office there superior to it. The paper is evidently on a boom, and last attaining that liberal patronage that its excellence as a reliable and newsy paper deserves.

THE Legislature having passed a law allowing mothers, who have had twelve children, to peddle in the State free of license, the Owensboro Post is in raptures because of the huge stride towards free trade and sailors rights.

LEGISLATIVE.

—The bill permitting criminals to testify in their own behalf, has passed the Senate.

—A bill to incorporate the Rockcastle Mining and Lumber Company has been offered in the Senate.

—A bumblee bill to prohibit railroads from granting free passes to certain officials has been introduced.

—The bill increasing the pay of jurors, and allowing those who are held over night \$1 additional is now a law.

—Mr. Donehy, of Boyle, has asked leave to amend the charter of the Danville and Hustonville Turnpike.

—The House has passed a bill to prohibit the sale of spirituous, vinous, or small liquors within one mile of Mt. Salem Church, in Lincoln county.

—Senator Walton, true to the memory of his kinsman, Isaac, is for the most stringent fish laws, and would make violations of them indicative offenses.

—The Senate has passed the House bill to allow persons to fish with hook and line in Dix River and Hanging Fork, in Lincoln and Garrard counties, and the signature of the Governor is all that is necessary now to make it a law.

—A very sensible bill is pending in the House, and ought to pass. It prevents any one from being a competent juror in any court in this Commonwealth, who is under indictment in this State or elsewhere, or who has been convicted of a felony.

—Mr. Madden has offered a resolution looking to the removal of the Capitol from Frankfort. We admit that its present location is about as bad as can be, but considering that it would cost several millions of dollars to take it elsewhere, the people can stand it for a while any how.

—A bill to amend the law in regard to stock killed by railroads has passed the House. It changes the old law in this that the appraisement made is to be prima facie evidence of the value of the stock killed or the damage done. As the law now stands the Court of Appeals has decided that the appraisement can not be introduced in evidence.

—The bill incorporating the Chesapeake and Ohio and South-western Railroads, passed the House. The right is reserved to the Legislature to regulate the rate of freights and passage in Kentucky, and allow the same privilege over any road it might in any way acquire. They also reserve the right to amend in any particular this charter, or any charter the road may acquire. The road is not allowed to vote a tax on any town or precinct in the State.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The Washington Post figures that the Guitteau trial has already cost the government \$50,000,000.

—Mr. E. D. Stockton, Mrs. A. H. Jordan and Mrs. Tabitha Miller have died in Richmond this week.

—Kentucky has 49 National Banks with a total capital of \$10,351,500. Louisville banks have nearly half of the above.

—Mrs. Harvey Giles, of Sadiesville, yesterday gave birth to three bouncing boys, their combined weight being sixteen pounds.

—The Galt House, Louisville, has been sold to a stock company of Louisville gentlemen who have organized with a capital of \$300,000.

—It is now said that Bright, whose father was a lunatic, and who is himself a little luny at times, will be the man to hang the Guitteau jury.

—The bridge over Holling Fork, on the Bradfordville pike, in course of construction, fell yesterday afternoon, killing one man, Alzarius Mayden, and seriously wounding several others.

—The jury is completed and the trial of the Ashland murderers fairly begun, with its horrid details cropping out from the very first. The bloody and the bloody crowbar were brought into court a dumb but powerful evidence.

—A bill to grant Mrs. Abraham Lincoln a rears of pension to the amount of \$15,000 is likely to become a law in a few days.

—W. H. Locke, ex postmaster at Evansville, Ind., having been charged with embezzlement of government funds, shot and killed himself.

—The Malley Brothers, of New Haven, Conn., and Blanche Douglas have been indicted for the murder of Jennie Cramer, in August last. All of them have been in jail since the dreadful deed.

—The Cumberland river is 151 feet at Nashville, and an immense amount of damage is being done. A number of houses have been swept away, and many more have been carried off.

—Mr. Scoville, Guitteau's brother-in-law and counsel, has entered suit against the Chicago Herald for heavy damages for a publication accusing him of swindling a client out of several thousand dollars.

—Mr. McCord, of Iowa, introduced a bill in Congress, making the terms of presidential electors four years, and empowering them to fill a vacancy in case of the death of President and Vice President.

—Near Weston, Scott Hayden and John Calvert, boys, went to W. A. Montgomery's house and tried to scare him by tapping on the window. Montgomery was frightened, and not seeing the boys, fired a gun through the window, killing Hayden instantly.

—The mangled body of D. H. Smith was found in a well near his home in Wayne county, Ind., and for some time the terrible deed was wrapped in mystery, but suspicion at last rested on his wife and two sons, who, upon being arrested, admitted their guilt, and are now in prison. Reporters say that for a long time the old lady and the boys have made his home a hell on earth to him.

—Gen. Green Clay Smith, publishes the following: The veterans of the Mexican war are hereby notified that the Kentucky Association will meet in Lexington on the 22d of February next, at 9 o'clock, A. M. As to matters of transportation, board and other arrangements, you will please address Lieut. Jess Woodruff, Chairman of the local committee, Lexington, Ky. It is hoped every Mexican soldier will be present, and that our reunion will be a most pleasant one. Our comrades are rapidly passing away; let as many of us as can come together to exchange greetings before we die.

—The chief points in Townsend's bill to establish a uniform system of Bankruptcy, are the expense of registers is dispensed with; a history of the proceedings is kept at one place; responsibility for faithful and prompt proceedings in the settlement of estates is concentrated; the expenses attendant upon calling and holding creditors' meetings avoided; responsibility for the appointment of a receiver is with the judge; bankrupt estates can generally be liquidated and finally closed up within six or twelve months; the cost and expenses will not be much greater than an ordinary case of assignment.

—CASEY COUNTY.
LIBERTY.
—William V. Reppert is a candidate for County Attorney. Col. Silas Adams is expected to be the candidate on the Republican ticket. Dr. W. D. Stone and family, will move to town in a few days, and will occupy the property now owned by Mr. W. P. Tata.

—Mr. John W. Whipp, of this place, is now Chairman of the Democratic Committee for the 8th Congressional District. Mr. Whipp has been a life-long Democrat, and has spent much time in the interest of the party. He is a man of strong mind, and much experience.

—The friends of Gen. F. Wolford, in this county, stand up nobly under the deep disappointment caused by his defeat, and say that they will be in the front of the battle, striking every blow possible, for the man we have chosen to carry our banner on to victory. We are solid for Henry.

—Mr. T. W. Wash, our County Clerk, was at Lawrenceburg last Monday and Tuesday. S. M. Williams was with his friends here several days last week. Mr. W. P. Tata and family, will move to your town in a short time. Judge John D. Belden, of Lebanon, was here on legal business last week.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's father, in this county, on the 14th, John A. Atwood, to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Peck. Their many friends and relations throughout the county congratulate them, and unite in a desire that their long and circuitous path through wedded life, may ever be strewn with flowers.

—Edw. Wm. Cloyd, of Lincoln, has been called to fill the pulpit of the Christian Church, at this place, during the present year, and has the matter under consideration at this time. The congregation are very unanimous for Mr. Cloyd to preach for them, and we are in hopes that his answer will be in the affirmative. Elder W. L. Williams preached at the Christian Church in this place, last Sunday night, and Monday night. Several of the converts from Barnes' meeting attached themselves to the Church, while Mr. Williams was here.

—MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.
Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.

—Next Monday is County Court.

—After nineteen days of rain-fall the people are not yet apprehensive of a second deluge.

—Our hotels and boarding houses have been crowded to their utmost capacity for the past ten days.

—The grand jury returned indictments against several persons who, it is alleged, were connected with the troubles of last week.

—The grand jury, after investigating all the meanness of the past six months, and indicting some of the offenders, has adjourned.

—It is greatly feared that the spring crop of young sheep will be cut short by the depressing influences of the damp weather.

—To Phil. Soden: You must quit worrying the mail agent with sensational fabrications. Such doing only tend to more confoundingly confuse the already confused public concerning the mail service.

—The nomination of Capt. T. J. Henry as a candidate for Appellate Clerk, is hailed with enthusiasm in this county. The mountain people will heartily support their candidate by voting early and solidly.

—The candidates for the offices to be filled at the August election are slow in making themselves known. The man who can control more votes than any other gentleman in his precinct is looking for you, gentlemen. Come from under cover.

—In spite of the inclement weather and other disfavoring circumstances, there has been more business transacted at the present term of Court than at any other time for several years past.

—At least one-half the time the mail for this place does not arrive until a day or two—sometimes a week—after it is due.

Letters and packages addressed to all parts of the United States, Canada and the Territories, arrive at this office almost daily.

A letter started from this place to Stanford, seems to have about as much chance,

and no more, of arriving at its destination as a cork float into the ocean at New York harbor, and left to the guidance of the wind and waves, would have of arriving at Liverpool.

The present style of mailing the mails is becoming unbearable, and there ought to be a reform for the sake of the public.

—Another Postman—Miss Edna Adams is attending Daingerfield's College at Hartselle, Miss. Ian Gray, a very handsome and accomplished young lady from Lancaster, Ky., is at the Joplin House.....

Mrs. W. D. Bradley, of Lancaster, was here Wednesday.....

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TANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, January 20, 1882

LOCAL NOTICES.

New and full stock of Clocks at Penny & McAlister's.

HAMILTON STEEL PLOWS always on hand at A. Oswald's.

BIN STORE of Champion Barb Wire on hand at A. Oswald's.

CHOICE Fresh and Fine Candies, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Buy Louisville Head-light Oil, 175 test, from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

WEST VIRGINIA HEAD-LIGHT OIL, 25 cents a gallon, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Our stock of Drings, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, is complete in every respect, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

A fine line of Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, Hair, Nail, Tooth and Clothes Brushes, very cheap, at Penny & McAlister's.

PERSONAL.

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—Mr. C. T. HYDE has returned, but left his new wife behind.

Mrs. L. BEALEY and Miss Lucie Beale have gone to Louisville.

—Miss KITTIE BIGGINS of Crab Orchard, is visiting Mr. & Mrs. Bent.

—Mr. ALFRED DUNN and his sister, Miss Emma Dunn, of Bradfordsville, are guests of friends here.

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LOCAL MATTERS.

McROBERTS & STAGG take the lead in 5 cent Cigars.

FOR SALE.—A side-saddle, good as new. Apply at this office.

BEAUTIFUL stock of White Ground Shirring Calicoes at Robt. S. Lytle's.

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MONEY TO LOAN.—\$3,000 on real estate collateral in Lincoln county. See M. C. STAFFORD.

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RANK STOCK.—Mr. J. H. Shanks sold to S. H. Shanks, his shares in the National Bank of Stanford, at \$150 per share.

JUDGE PHILLIPS, Commissioner, says that he has received and is ready to pay out the 40 per cent. due teachers of all districts reported to the 10th day of January.

SENATOR BLAIN writes us that the bill empowering the County Court to dedicate a portion of the public square to street purposes has passed both Houses, and is now a law.

Owing to the almost unprecedented rise in the Tennessee and other rivers of that section, the R. R. agent here received advice yesterday to sell no tickets south of Clarksville, Tenn.

A THIEF broke open the Dawson Bros. fish box that sits in front of their store the other night, and got four boxes of fresh oysters. They have four more boxes for the fellow if he will make himself known.

QUADRUPLE MURDER.—Our Lancaster correspondent gives the details of the horrible quadruple murder and suicide of James R. Wilmet on Wednesday morning. Of course the unfortunate man was insane, but it is strange he did not live to let the courts pass on his case.

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The weather continues fearful. Two snows, a sleet, and several rains have somewhat varied the previous monotony of a ceaseless rain, but unless the New Moon, which appeared yesterday, shall come to our relief, there is no help for us. Twenty-two days of rainy, cloudy weather is about all that ordinary lungs can stand.

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FRESH bolted meat at McAlister & Bright's.

FRESH OYSTERS just received at Dawson Brothers.

FRESH stock of Prints and Books and Brown Cottons opened yesterday at Robt. S. Lytle's.

At the Rink to-night, Messrs. J. W. McAlister, Jas. R. Brown, H. T. Pennington and Joe F. Waters will do the agreeable.

J. T. HARRIS, at the Standard Market House, will sell the best of Beef Steak and Roast at 81 cents per lb., and all other things in his line, in proportion. Every thing warranted the very best.

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The Town Branch.

Mr. Editor: Learning that there is some complaint about our letting the waste dye water from our Wollen Mills run over the tank into the "Town Branch" on some days in each month, by reason of which stock will not drink the water, we take this plan to announce that we have, at great expense, made a tank which will, when completed, entirely obviate the difficulty, and as soon as the weather will permit, we hope to fully remedy the supposed evil complained of. We do not desire to injure any of our fellow-citizens; but, on the contrary, do all the good we can for our town and country. We claim that the dye water is not filthy, or at all deleterious to stock, and that when it is let into the Branch, it soon passes off, and is far less of a "nuisance" than the privy vaults, hospitals, and manure piles that line its banks from one end of the town to the other. Hoping that all fair-minded citizens will view this matter in its proper light, we are respectfully, STANFORD WOOLEN MILLS COMPANY.

A Card from Capt. McKinney.

STANFORD, KY., January 19, 1882
Editor Interior Journal.

I hereby tender my sincere thanks to all those of my friends who were kind enough to give me their endorsement, and especially to those who exerted themselves in my behalf to secure the office of Post Master in Stanford. I feel as grateful to all such, as I had been unsuccessful. Mr. A. A. Warren was the choice of a large majority of the people who receive their mail here, for said office, a fact well known to all; he having endured most enthusiasm by a majority of both political parties here, yet, notwithstanding these facts, Mr. Alford was successful in inducing the President to give him the appointment, which was sent into the Senate for confirmation before their recess in December. Then it was, and not till then, that I used all honorable means to defeat his confirmation, and secure the office if possible, because of the great dissatisfaction expressed on the part of a large majority of the people in this community at his appointment. Mr. Alford was not confirmed until the 19th ultimo. He evidently had a hard road to travel to accomplish his aims. Respectfully, GEO. H. MCKINNEY.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

HIGHLAND.—More rain, more rest.
—W. D. Dye's school closed a few days ago. Rev. J. M. Cook's school closes this week.

—The Sabbath School at this place, is progressing finely at this time. We have regular preaching in our village three Sabbath's in every month—1st, 3rd and 4th.

—Rev. J. M. Cook has a Quarterly meeting at Coffey's school house on the 28th and 29th inst., Rev. J. G. Bruce, presiding. Rev. E. E. Bonta, also, has a meeting at the same time at McKinney; Rev. Dr. Hiner, presiding.

—A short time ago, Allen Baugh and S. M. Ray, with their families, returned from Kansas, after an absence of 13 years. They don't like this country now, and say that they will go back next Fall. C. M. Young, 306 additions to the Christian Church by immersion, and 1,533 from other churches. Total 34,841.

—Some person entered the Baptist church at Buck Run, in this county, some time last week, and took the carpet from the floor (some ninety yards,) the Bible and Testaments from the pulpit and a silver goblet and pitcher. —[Frankfort, KY.]

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Cyrus M. Mohrley bought of John Hale a yoke of oxen for \$90.

—J. E. Bruce bought of W. E. Amon, 4 fat cattle at \$38 per head.

—John Bright bought of James DePauw, eight yearling cattle at \$30.50 per head.

—James B. McKinney sold to W. S. Gosh, 87 acres of land near Hustonville, at \$50 per acre.

—A first-rate wood workman in wagons and carriages could find steady employment in this place.

—Judge Phillips is here in the role of a candidate. Dr. J. C. Bagle is in town but I don't know what role. Miss Dolly Williams has gone to Hallowell College as a pupil. Messrs. Sharpe and Dunn have both gone South again in the stock market.

—The unexpected dropping in of real, sure-enough winter, seems to have paralyzed all departments of business. Have not seen a sewing machine wagon in a month. Book agents have closed their specimen volumes. The lightning rod epidemic has passed away. The cheery drummer, like the busy bee, has retired to the hive. The amusement of dry skating is beginning to lose its attraction. Brown's Dick is sadly pondering a projected essay on the monotony of the exhibition presented by the doctor's costhes line, and the possible remedy. So Owens seems to be the only live man in the community, and he is busy advising an active campaign on the Cumberland for next summer.

—BADLY SCARED.—One night last week Misses Amanda Cook and Bettie Held were found in the room of the latter—not other person being in the house—when they were startled by hearing a window cautiously raised, and the curtain, which was down, agitated by some external force. After a moment of nervous fright, the girl fled from the room. Miss Cook seized the burning lamp from the table and tucked it securely under her arm. They reached the street and ran up to Mr. Goode's, the oil escaping, and the lamp still burning, and Miss Mandie praying, "If I die before I wake, &c." Assistance was obtained, and the girl was found to be in a fit of hysterics.

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Friday Morning, January 20, 1882

JUST TOO FAR.

"But I tell you, Lou, I can't afford it."

"Oh, you stingy thing! You are willing to have your wife go like a dowd, just for the sake of a few paltry dollars!" And pretty Lou Falconer pouted her rosy lip, and turned pettishly away from her husband.

"We are a young firm, you know Lou, and—"

"Oh, say nothing more about it, if you please. I shall never ask you for anything again." And with a little toss of her head she left the room.

Falconer sighed, and his brow contracted with pain, as he looked after her.

"Poor child! It is so hard to refuse her anything."

He was a pale young man, with a thoughtful cast of countenance and earnest gray eyes; habitually reserved and prudent, he was accounted a sharp business man, and at the time of his marriage, two years previous, the old men predicted that he would eventually become one of the largest captains in B. His wife, a willful, pretty creature, seemed to be his one weak point. Nor was she slow to avail herself of this advantage; her influence over him was unbounded, and even in cases where it was against his better judgment he invariably yielded to her wishes. The present object of these last named was a garnet silk dress pattern, which she had that morning seen at C's—fashionable store; and poor Falconer's ears were still ringing with the minute description of its incomparable loveliness.

"It seems so cruel to deny her what she has set her heart on," he said, laying down his pen, and rising, took one or two turns across the rooms. The result of his reflection was, that he put on his hat, went straight to Co's, ordered the silk, and had it charged to his account.

Who would hesitate to credit Falconer & Frost? There was not a safer copartnership anywhere. The salesman blandly inquired, "Anything else sir?" wrote the address, and promised that the parcel should be sent home "an hour's time." Then the purchaser walked slowly down to his business, not altogether satisfied with what he had done.

"Oh, Edward, you darling!" were the words that greeted him when he went home that evening, and throwing her arms around his neck, his wife literally overwhelmed him with kisses. "Oh, you dear love how clever it was to feign old Shylock, and then give me such a delightful surprise."

"If it was really a delightful surprise, Mignon, putting both hands upon her shoulders, and gazing fondly into the fair, joyous face, "I am amply rewarded for my trouble."

"Wait until you see me in my new dress, and then, you'll be rewarded in earnest."

"Well, suppose you let me have some tea now."

"Certainly, as much as you want."

Throughout the meal Lou was gay and garrulous, and afterward went to the piano and sang to her husband till bed-time.

"I can't make up this handsome dress myself," soliloquized Mrs. Falconer, as she examined her treasure next day; "I am sure that Edward would rather pay the dressmaker's bill than have me spoil it." So she forthwith took it to a fashionable modiste and was fitted.

When she reached home she found a letter from her mother in New York, saying that she would be with them by the following Tuesday, and immediately set about preparing a room for her reception.

"Dear me," she said, "I must have some new muslin curtains; I should be ashamed for mamma to see these, all darned as they are. Edward must be an angel again, and give me some."

"Sweetest, dearest and best of me!" she said to him at dinner, "I am in worse form than was the Princess Graciela; won't you be Percinet, and come to my assistance?"

"What is it you want now?" asked Falconer, beginning to get nervous.

"Oh, love, my muslin curtains are so ragged as to disgrace the house, and mamma is coming to visit me next week; she is always so particular about appearance, and I want to get some fresh ones to put in her room."

"Is it absolutely necessary to have muslin curtains, Lou? Wouldn't dimity do just as well? I'm sure you must have a spare set."

"Oh, but mamma is accustomed to muslin curtains, and I know she wouldn't feel at home with any other kind. There now, be a good darling, and let me get them."

"I hate to refuse you, Lou, but—" "Oh, you've turned into a monster again, you Charon! I mayn't even welcome my own mother, and make her comfortable in our home."

"You can welcome your mother and make her very comfortable, with out the aid of muslin curtains," said Falconer, decidedly.

"Save!" cried Lou, beginning to pour.

"This is unreasonable and childish!" exclaimed her husband, impatiently pushing back his chair. He had some perplexing business on his mind and was in no mood for trifling. But Lou burst into tears.

"Hang it all!" cried Edward, and taking his hat he left the house. He had not gone ten steps, however, before his resolution failed him, and hurrying to the nearest hawker, he hastily drew a check and returned home with the money. He found his wife in her own room, with their little Eddie on her lap, the traces of tears were fresh on her face, and she was singing to the baby in a low tone.

"Forgive me, my precious, for having been so crabbed just now," pleaded Falconer in a penitent tone, as he bent over and kissed her, at the same time placing the money in her hand. "Will this be sufficient for what you want?"

"More than sufficient!" she exclaimed, delightedly, separating the roll of bank notes. "I'll take what's left over, and get you a perfect duet of a dressing gown and materials to work the loveliest pair of slippers you ever saw."

Falconer began to protest that he stood in need of neither dressing gown nor slippers, but a reproachful glance from Lou's blue eyes arrested his words. "Not when I am going to make them with my own little fingers," she said, and Edward was subdued instantaneously.

The following week Lou's mother, Mrs. Townsend, arrived, and was affectionately welcomed by her daughter and son-in-law. She was a thoroughly sensible, reasonable woman, with a deal of penetration, that seemed to divine things at a glance, and was an acquisition to any household.

"Don't you think, Lou," she said to her daughter one day, when the latter had, in her usual coaxing, half-pouting style, been urging Edward to some fresh extravagance, "that you may push your importunities just too far? Mr. Falconer looks very much perplexed and worried to-day, I think."

"Oh, Edward is the dearest, most amiable of men."

"Yes, Lou, but for the very reason that your husband is amiable and indulgent to a fault, you should be merciful and not press him too far. Now I consider that baby's cloak which you coaxed him into getting for Eddie quite an unnecessary piece of extravagance. Now, take my advice, and be a little more reasonable in your demands."

Mrs. Falconer knew better than to pout at her mother, so she resolved not to ask her husband for anything in her presence again; but no sooner was Mrs. Townsend gone than the old practice renewed. Too much occupied with her own selfish little aims, she did not notice that her husband's manner was often strangely flurried; there was a recklessness in his very tenderness; he refused her nothing that she asked for, and the little lady availed herself to the very utmost of his propitious disposition.

"Oh, Edward," she said to him one day, as they sat together over their dessert. "The charity ball comes off next Wednesday, and I have been made one of the lady patronesses. I must have a pretty dress for the occasion."

"Order what you will," he said, laconically, as he arose and left the table.

The evening of the ball Lou was disappointed that her husband did not come home in time to see her dress, but she could not keep her party waiting, and was obliged to go off without seeing him.

Half an hour later Falconer came home. He inquired of the housemaid, who had been roused from a nap by the violent jerking of the parlor bell, if her mistress had gone out; and sleepy as the girl was, she was startled (as she afterward averred) "by the look of his face," as he dismissed her.

He went to his own room, where little Eddie was asleep, but abruptly turned from the peaceful picture. The heavy load of despair lay on his heart. Falconer & Frost had failed, and he was a debaucher to the amount of more thousands than he could ever hope to repay; his good fortune was gone; nothing but beggary and ruin lay before him, and the disgrace would be reflected upon his wife and child. He passed to his dressing-room, turned the key on the inside and ten minutes later the people were startled by the report of a pistol. They forced the door, and found that to the

name of "bankrupt" and "swindler," which had been applied to him so soon as the failure was made public, he had added that of suicide.

They were fearful tidings that reached his wife's ear in the midst of the festivities, and hurried her home; and vainly might she, in frantic accents, call on that lifeless form "only to speak to her once more" and she would be content to "live on dry crusts in a hovel for the rest of her days."

Then she called herself "his murderer," and wringing her hands incessantly, cried: "Just too far, too far!"

Vain, vain lament!

Response to a Toast on Women.

Mr. President, I think the most sensible thing ever done in the world was the making of a woman. It ought to have been done before he was. I presume that Adams, when the rite was taken out of him, thought it was pretty rough. He did not know what was going to become of him. But when the job was done and women were sent down, and the meat put on in the right place, I am satisfied that he looked upon the job and said it was a boss. I say it should have been done before.

The idea of Adam's remaining all those years alone, without any one to welcome him home from Scotch banquets, and to ask him why he didn't stay all night, and come smelling like a smoke house? I can imagine Adam going to the grocery after codfish, and building fires himself, and cooking his own meals in the bachelor's hall. It has struck me that it would not be out of place for the legislature to pass resolutions of thanks for the making of woman. It is to be hoped that they will attend to this season. If woman hadn't been made at that time, I am satisfied that a great many of us would not have been here to-night. If it had not occurred to the Almighty to make woman, we would not be here to-night.

For we are a pale young man, with a thoughtful cast of countenance and earnest gray eyes; habitually reserved and prudent, he was accounted a sharp business man, and at the time of his marriage, two years previous, the old men predicted that he would eventually become one of the largest captains in B. His wife, a willful, pretty creature, seemed to be his one weak point. Nor was she slow to avail herself of this advantage; her influence over him was unbounded, and even in cases where it was against his better judgment he invariably yielded to her wishes. The present object of these last named was a garnet silk dress pattern, which she had that morning seen at C's—fashionable store; and poor Falconer's ears were still ringing with the minute description of its incomparable loveliness.

"It seems so cruel to deny her what she has set her heart on," he said, laying down his pen, and rising, took one or two turns across the rooms. The result of his reflection was, that he put on his hat, went straight to Co's, ordered the silk, and had it charged to his account.

Who would hesitate to credit Falconer & Frost? There was not a safer copartnership anywhere. The salesman blandly inquired, "Anything else sir?" wrote the address, and promised that the parcel should be sent home "an hour's time." Then the purchaser walked slowly down to his business, not altogether satisfied with what he had done.

"Oh, Edward, you darling!" were the words that greeted him when he went home that evening, and throwing her arms around his neck, his wife literally overwhelmed him with kisses. "Oh, you dear love how clever it was to feign old Shylock, and then give me such a delightful surprise."

"Wait until you see me in my new dress, and then, you'll be rewarded in earnest."

"Well, suppose you let me have some tea now."

"Certainly, as much as you want."

Throughout the meal Lou was gay and garrulous, and afterward went to the piano and sang to her husband till bed-time.

"I can't make up this handsome dress myself," soliloquized Mrs. Falconer, as she examined her treasure next day; "I am sure that Edward would rather pay the dressmaker's bill than have me spoil it." So she forthwith took it to a fashionable modiste and was fitted.

When she reached home she found a letter from her mother in New York, saying that she would be with them by the following Tuesday, and immediately set about preparing a room for her reception.

"Dear me," she said, "I must have some new muslin curtains; I should be ashamed for mamma to see these, all darned as they are. Edward must be an angel again, and give me some."

"Sweetest, dearest and best of me!" she said to him at dinner, "I am in worse form than was the Princess Graciela; won't you be Percinet, and come to my assistance?"

"What is it you want now?" asked Falconer, beginning to get nervous.

"Oh, love, my muslin curtains are so ragged as to disgrace the house, and mamma is coming to visit me next week; she is always so particular about appearance, and I want to get some fresh ones to put in her room."

"Is it absolutely necessary to have muslin curtains, Lou? Wouldn't dimity do just as well? I'm sure you must have a spare set."

"Oh, but mamma is accustomed to muslin curtains, and I know she wouldn't feel at home with any other kind. There now, be a good darling, and let me get them."

"I hate to refuse you, Lou, but—" "Oh, you've turned into a monster again, you Charon! I mayn't even welcome my own mother, and make her comfortable in our home."

"You can welcome your mother and make her very comfortable, with out the aid of muslin curtains," said Falconer, decidedly.

"Save!" cried Lou, beginning to pour.

"This is unreasonable and childish!" exclaimed her husband, impatiently pushing back his chair. He had some perplexing business on his mind and was in no mood for trifling. But Lou burst into tears.

They were fearful tidings that reached his wife's ear in the midst of the festivities, and hurried her home; and vainly might she, in frantic accents, call on that lifeless form "only to speak to her once more" and she would be content to "live on dry crusts in a hovel for the rest of her days."

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The idea of Adam's remaining all those years alone, without any one to welcome him home from Scotch banquets, and to ask him why he didn't stay all night, and come smelling like a smoke house? I can imagine Adam going to the grocery after codfish, and building fires himself, and cooking his own meals in the bachelor's hall. It has struck me that it would not be out of place for the legislature to pass resolutions of thanks for the making of woman. It is to be hoped that they will attend to this season. If woman hadn't been made at that time, I am satisfied that a great many of us would not have been here to-night. If it had not occurred to the Almighty to make woman, we would not be here to-night.

For we are a pale young man, with a thoughtful cast of countenance and earnest gray eyes; habitually reserved and prudent, he was accounted a sharp business man, and at the time of his marriage, two years previous, the old men predicted that he would eventually become one of the largest captains in B. His wife, a willful, pretty creature, seemed to be his one weak point. Nor was she slow to avail herself of this advantage; her influence over him was unbounded, and even in cases where it was against his better judgment he invariably yielded to her wishes. The present object of these last named was a garnet silk dress pattern, which she had that morning seen at C's—fashionable store; and poor Falconer's ears were still ringing with the minute description of its incomparable loveliness.

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